Pharaoh

You fool

look what you've done

with my children

LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE

You've placed MY people

in Boxes

You make MY people

fight in cages

You feed MY People

with JUNK

You’ve turned MY people

into SLAVES

You’ve made my land

a PRISON

You turned warriors

into Dogs

kings

into Pirates

Queens

into Harlots

You’ve turned them

towards your Gods

The Gods of your own desires

I am the Lord

and there is no other

ENOUGH

MY PEOPLE ARE SICK

You build temples of Flesh

to keep them under your rule

MY PEOPLE ARE SICK

You drown their souls

in sweetness and lust

MY PEOPLE ARE SICK

You salt their wounds with flavor

MY PEOPLE ARE SICK

You striped them from soil

and sold them sirens

MY PEOPLE ARE SICK

You chain them beneath blankets

and silence them

with bitter beads

MY PEOPLE ARE SICK

You stack my children

like animals

and make the streets

bleed with Sorrow

MY PEOPLE ARE SICK

You feed their soul

with shadows

and keep them chasing

after the wind

MY PEOPLE ARE SICK

you praise me

with many words on your lips

yet your heart is far from me

ENOUGH

My anger burns against the shepherds

and I will punish the leaders

for the LORD Almighty

will care for his flock

the new Israel

and make them mighty in battle

And YOU

Pharaoh

Will answer

for every drop of blood

Every

stolen

son.

Every

chained

daughter

LET MY PEOPLE GO